

PHIL and HARRIET:

A TRUE

T A L E.

W I T H

INSTRUCTIONS to a ROSE:

A N

O D E.

In PARAPHRASE on

WALLER and CRUDELI.

L O N D O N :

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INSTRUCTIONS TO A ROSK

O. D. E.

IN PARAPHRASE ON

WALLER and CRUDELL

LONDON

Printed for A. Messner, near the Royal Exchange in the Strand.
MIDDLER

PHIL and HARRIET.

'T WAS under a sequester'd shade,
Which seem'd for happy lovers made,
That Phil, by chance, with Harriet met;
For no appointment had been set.
The Youth with transport hail'd the Fair,
On finding her alone and there,
Where privacy conspir'd so kind,
Could he but get her in the mind.
Ay! there the difficulty lay,
For coy Reserve was in the way:
That dragon how to lay asleep,
That's wont o'er maidens guard to keep,
Was now his point: a point that few,
Better than he to manage knew;

Hand-

Handsome, genteel, ingaging, young ;
 So form'd to please ! then such a tongue !

The nimph was every thing that taste,
 Could wish ; with every beauty grac'd,
 An angel's face ; inchanting mien
 Of roseate freshness, scarce sixteen.
 All which gave Phil intense desire ;
 Yet trembled he through all his fire,
 With anxious fear lest he should miss
 Such opportunity of blifs.

With faltering air, beseeching eyes,
 With speech broke in upon by sighs,
 He seeks his passion to explain,
 And wooes the Fair to ease his pain.
 The Fair who long for him had felt,
 Scarce a less flame, began to melt :

Love

Love pleaded hard within her breast,
 Not to dismiss the Youth unblest.
 What should she do? at least, she'll try
 If she her love may justify.
 But how? you'll hear. A ribbon blue
 The damsel from her pocket drew :
 Which ribbon she, in frolic, plac'd,
 By way of girdle round her waist ;
 Then said, in answer to the swain
 So ardent her consent to gain :

“ D’ee see this ribbon? mark it well.”
 “ ---- I do,” said Phil, who could not tell
 Upon what springs this fancy mov’d,
 But much he fear’d, for much he lov’d.

Thus spoke again the fair-one, while
 All heav’n was opening in her smile,

“ Of

" Of this same fibbon you behold,
 " The mighty mistery I'll unfold.
 " And this it is: two parts, you see
 " Above, below, it makes of me,
 " Dividing in the midst my height.

" For certain reasons then of state,
 " Know, that of these two halves I can't,
 " Of more than one possession grant,
 " Just at one time: but for your ease,
 " You're free to chuse whiche'er you please:
 " The other must untouch'd remain:
 " To change this doom you'd try in vain.

This option so the Youth perplex'd,
 He was at once both pleas'd and vex'd:
 So much was given, so much denied,
 He could not readily decide,

Which

Which half to leave, which half to take,
 Coveting each for t'other's sake,
 And dying as he was for both,
 To give up either he was loth :
 Thus neither for a while prevails,
 The ballance trembling 'tween the scales.
 But who'd without the face be blest,
 The face, that recommends the rest ?

Fix'd then, at length ; “ give me, says he,
 “ That world of beauty I now see,
 “ Those lips ! those eyes ! that bosom's swell,
 “ On which Delight must love to dwell :
 “ Can I these present charms forego
 “ That thus my preference urge ?---Oh no !

“ If.

" If 'tother half I must resign,

" Be what's above the girdle, mine!

Her lover's noble choice the Fair

Approv'd: it's delicacy rare

So struck her, that now, smiling sweet,

She drops the girdle to her feet,

INSTRUCTIONS to a ROSE:

A N

O D E.

In PARAPHRASE, on

WALLER and CRUDELI.

HASTE, lovely Rose,
 To Silvia, and disclose
 Important truths to that coy Fair.
 To her declare
 How wrong to waste her bloom!
 While of my fierce desire
 She lets the fire
 My heart, in vain, for her consume.

Tell

Tell her in thee to see
 Yes! beauteous Flow'r, in thee,
 A faint resemblance of her charms,
 And yet enough to give her just alarms.

Say to her thus;---“ Like you, in truth,
 “ I'm fresh and redolent of youth,
 “ But think, how soon, alas!
 “ That season with us both must pass.”

Go on, and say;---“ The Fair
 “ How beautiful foe'er,
 “ That won't her charms to view produce,
 “ Who seeks the shade,
 “ As if to bear the light afraid,
 “ Can, at the best, but grow of little use.

“ I

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“ I too ! this Rose you now behold,
“ Had I with this my maiden-blush
“ For ever stuck upon my thorny bush,
“ In waste to wither and grow old ;
“ With all my worth,
“ I should not now shine forth,
“ I should not now be blest
“ With decking your enchanting breast.”

Tell, 'tis now her time,
In beauty's prime
To blaze away,
Doubling the splendor of the day,
As with the Sun she vies it, ray for ray :
No longer let her bloom unseen ;
The world shall hail her Beauty's Queen.

Tell

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Tell her too; not to be afraid,

She who is born to be obey'd,

If all who see her should admire,

If all who see her should desire.

This said;---then, of a sudden, thou,

Fall at her feet and die;---that now,

She may by thee.

By thy lost honors see,

And mark in thy sad state,

Of the most beauteous things, the common fate.

THE END

Let the

*Charact^r of Review, The Poem well executed, the versification easy, the Whole an agreeable
Composition of tenderness, delicacy & simplicity.*

Rec^d 4th W: July, 29. 1761: In pool: